10.

MIDAS.

A

BURLETTA.

WRITTEN BY

KANE O'HARA, Esq.

TAKEN FROM THE

MANAGER's BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre Royal in Covent Garden.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COVENT GARDEN.

DEITIES.

Jupiter	- -	Mr. *Legg.*
Juno	- -	Mrs. *Stevens.*
Apollo	- -	Mr. *Mattocks.*
Pan	- -	Mr. *Dunſtall.*

MORTALS.

Midas	- -	Mr. *Shuter.*
Damætas	- -	Mr. *Barnſhaw.*
Sileno	- -	Mr. *Baker.*
Myſis	- -	Mrs. *Thompſon.*
Daphne	- -	Mrs. *Baker.*
Nyſa	- -	Mrs. *Mattocks.*

SCENE, *Firſt on* Mount Olympus, *afterwards on the Paſtures of* Lydia.

MIDAS.

ACT I.

The curtain riſing, diſcovers the Heathen Deities, ſeated amidſt the clouds, in full council: They addreſs Jupiter in chorus, accompanied by all the inſtruments.

Chorus of all the Gods.

JOVE, in his chair,
Of the ſky Lord May'r,
With his nods
Men and Gods
Keeps in awe;
When he winks,
Heaven ſhrinks;
When he ſpeaks,
Hell ſqueaks;
Earth's globe is but his taw.
Cock of the ſchool,
He bears deſpotic rule;
His word,
Tho' abſurd,
Muſt be law.
Even Fate,
Tho' ſo great,
Muſt not prate;
His bald pate
Jove would cuff,
He's ſo bluff,
For a ſtraw.
Cow'd deities,
Like mice in cheeſe,
To ſtir muſt ceaſe
Or gnaw.

Jup. [*riſing.*] Immortals, you have heard your plaintive ſov'reign,
And culprit Sol's high crimes. Shall we who govern,
Brook ſpies upon us? Shall Apollo trample
On our commands? We'll make him an example.

As for you, Juno, curb your prying temper, or
We'll make you, to your coſt, know—we're your
emperor.

Juno. I'll take the law, [*to Jupiter:*] My proctor,
with a ſummons,
Shall cite you, Sir, t'appear at Doctors Commons.

Jup. Let him—but firſt I'll chaſe from heaven yon
varlet.

Juno. What! for detecting you and your vile harlot!

A I R.

Think not, lewd Jove,
Thus to wrong my chaſte love;
For, ſpite of your rakehelly godhead
By day and by night,
Juno will have her right,
Nor be of dues nuptial defrauded.
I'll ferret the haunts
Of your female gallants;
In vain you in darkneſs incloſe them;
Your favourite jades,
I'll plunge to the ſhades,
Or inte cows metamorphoſe them.

Jove. Peace, termagant—I ſwear by Styx, our
thunder
Shall hurl him to the earth—Nay, never wonder;
I've ſworm it, gods.

Apollo. Hold, hold, have patience,
Papa—No bowels for your own relations!

A I R.

Be by your friends advis'd,
Too harſh, too haſty dad!
Maugre your bolts, and wiſe head,
The world will think you mad.
What worſe can Bacchus teach men,
His roaring bucks when drunk,
Than break the lamps, beat watchmen,
And ſtagger to ſome punk. [Diſorder,

Jup. You ſaucy ſcoundrel—there, Sir—Come
Down Phœbus, down to earth, we'll hear no farther.
Roll, thunders, roll; blue lightnings flaſh about him;
The blab ſhall find our ſky can do without him.

Thunder and lightning. Jupiter darts a bolt at him, he falls. Jupiter re-aſſumes his throne, and the Gods all aſcend together, ſinging the initial chorus:

Jove in his chair, &c.

SCENE, *A champaign country with a diſtant village; violent ſtorm of thunder and lightning. A ſhepherd ſleeping in the field is rouſed by it, and runs away frighted, leaving his cloak, hat, and guitar behind him.* Apollo (*as caſt from heaven*) *falls to the earth, with a rude ſhock, and lies for awhile ſtunn'd: at length he begins to move, riſes, advances, and looking forward ſpeaks. After which, enters to him* Sileno.

Apol. Zooks, what a cruſh! a pretty decent tumble!
Kind uſage, Mr. Jove—ſweet Sir, your humble.
Well, down I am;—no bones broke—though ſore pepper'd! [herd.
Here doom'd to ſtay—What can I do?—turn ſhep-
[*Puts on the cloak*, &c.
A lucky thought.—In this diſguiſe, Apollo
No more, but Pol the ſwain, ſome flock I'll follow.
Nor doubt I, with my voice, guitar, and perſon,
Among the nymphs to kick up ſome diverſion.

Sileno. Whom have we here? a ſightly clown!—and ſturdy.
Hum—plays I ſee upon the hurdy-gurdy.
Seems out of place—a ſtranger—all in tatters;
I'll hire him—he'll divert my wife and daughters.
—Whence, and what art thou, boy?

Pol. An orphan lad, Sir;
Pol is my name—a ſhepherd once my dad, Sir,
I'th' upper parts here—though not born to ſerving,
I'll now take on, for faith I'm almoſt ſtarving.

Sil. You've drawn a prize i' the lottery—So have I too;
Why—I'm the maſter you could beſt apply to.

AIR.

Since you mean to hire for ſervice,
Come with me, you jolly dog;
You can help to bring home harveſt,
Tend the ſheep, and feed the hog.
Fa la la.

With three crowns your ſtanding wages,
You ſhall daintily be fed:
Bacon, beans, ſalt beef, cabbages,
Butter-milk, and oaten-bread.
Fa la la.
Come, ſtrike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home;
And when daily labour's over,
We'll all dance to your ſtrum ſtrum.
Fa la la.

Pol. I ſtrike hands, I take your offer;
Farther on I may fare worſe;
Zooks, I can no longer ſuffer
Hungry guts and empty purſe.
Fa la la.

Sil. Do, ſtrike hands; 'tis kind I offer.
Pol. I ſtrike hands, and take your offer.
Sil. Farther ſeeking you'll fare worſe.
Pol. Farther on I may fare worſe.
Sil. Pity ſuch a lad ſhould ſuffer,
Pol. Zooks, I can no longer ſuffer,
Sil. Hungry guts and empty purſe,
Pol. Hungry guts and empty purſe.
Fa la la.

[*Exeunt dancing and ſinging.*

SCENE, *Sileno's Farm-houſe.*

Enter Daphne *and* Nyſa, Myſis *following behind.*

Daph. But Nyſa, how goes on Squire Midas' court-
ſhip? [ſhip,

Nyſ. Your ſweet Damætas, pimp to his great wor-
Brought me from him a purſe; but the conditions—
—I've cur'd him, I believe, of ſuch commiſſions.

Daph. The moon-calf! This muſt blaſt him with
my father. [gether.

Nyſ. Right. So we are rid of the two frights to-

Both. Ha, ha, ha!—Ha, ha, ha!

Myſ. Hey-day! what mare's neſt's found?—For
ever grinning:
Ye rantipoles—is't thus ye mind your ſpinning;

AIR.

Girls are known
To miſchief prone,
If ever they be idle.
Who would rear
Two daughters fair,
Muſt hold a ſteady bridle:
For here they ſkip
And there they trip,
And this and that way fidle.
Giddy maids,
Poor ſilly jades,
All after men are gadding;
They flirt pell-mell,
Their train to ſwell,
To coxcomb, coxcomb adding:
To ev'ry fop
They're cock-a-hoop,
And ſet their mothers madding.

Enter Sileno *introducing* Pol.

Sil. Now, dame and girls, no more let's hear you grumble
At too hard toil;—I chanc'd juſt now to ſtumble
On this ſtout drudge—and hir'd him fit for labour.
To 'em lad—then he can play, and ſing, and caper.

Myſ. Fine rubbiſh to bring home; a ſtrolling thrummer!
What art thou good for? ſpeak, thou ragged mummer! [*To* Pol.

Nyſ. Mother, for ſhame—

Myſ. Peace, ſaucebox, or I'll maul you.

Pol. Goody, my ſtrength and parts you undervalue,
For his and your work I am briſk and handy.

Daph. A ſad cheat elſe——

Myſ. What you, you jack-a-dandy?

AIR.

POL.

Pray. goody, pleaſe to moderate the rancour of your tongue:
Why flaſh thoſe ſparks of fury from your eyes?

With three crowns your ſtanding wages,
You ſhall daintily be fed:
Bacon, beans, ſalt beef, cabbages,
Butter-milk, and oaten-bread.
Fa la la.
Come, ſtrike hands, you'll live in clover,
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For his and your work I am briſk and handy.

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Myſ. What you, you jack-a-dandy?

AIR.

POL.

Pray. goody, pleaſe to moderate the rancour of your tongue:
Why flaſh thoſe ſparks of fury from your eyes?

Remember, when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is ſtrong.
A ſtranger why will you deſpiſe?
Ply me,
Try me,
Prove, ere you deny me:
If you caſt me
Off, you blaſt me
Never more to riſe.

Myſ. Sirrah, this inſolence deſerves a drubbing.

Nyſ. With what ſweet temper he bears all her ſnubbing! [*Aſide.*

Sil. Oons, no more words.—Go, boy, and get your dinner. [*Exit* Pol.

Fie, why ſo croſſgrain'd to a young beginner.

Nyſ. So modeſt!

Daph. So genteel!

Sil. Not pert nor lumpiſh. [*To* Myſ.

Myſ. Would he were hang'd!

Nyſ. and *Daph.* La, mother, why ſo frumpiſh?

A I R.

Nyſ. Mama, how can you be ſo ill-natur'd
To the gentle, handſome ſwain?

Daph. To a lad, ſo limb'd, ſo featur'd,
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.
Sure 'tis cruel, &c.

Myſ. Girls, for you my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account.

Sil. Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me,
I will rule, depend upon't.
I will rule, &c.

Nyſ. Ah, ah!

Daph. Mamma.

Nyſ. } Mamma, how can you be ſo ill-natur'd,
Daph. } Ah, ah, to a lad ſo limb'd and featur'd?
Nyſ. } To the gentle, handſome ſwain,
Daph. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain;
Nyſ. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,
Daph. } To the gentle, handſome ſwain.

Myſ. Girls, for you my fears perplex me;
I'm alarmed on your account.

Sil. Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me;
I will rule, depend upon't.
Nyſ. } Mamma!
Myſ. } Pſha, pſha!
Daph. } Papa!
Sil. } Ah! ah!
Daph. } Mamma, how can you be ſo ill-natur'd?
Sil. } Pſha, pſha, you muſt not be ſo ill-natur'd;
Nyſ. } Ah, ah, to a lad ſo lim'd, ſo featur'd!
Daph. } To the gentle, handſome ſwain,
Sil. } He's a gentle, handſome ſwain,
Nyſ. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.
Myſ. } 'Tis my pleaſure to give pain,
Daph. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,
Sil. } He's a gentle, handſome ſwain,
Nyſ. } To the gentle, handſome ſwain,
Myſ. } To your odious, fav'rite ſwain. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Midas *and* Damætas.

Mid. Nyſa, you ſay, refus'd the guineas Britiſh.
Dam. Ah, pleaſe your worſhip—ſhe is wondrous ſkittiſh.
Mid. I'll have her, coſt what 'twill. Odſbobs—
I'll force her—
Dam. The halter—
Mid. As for madam, I'll divorce her—
Some favour'd lout incog. our bliſs oppoſes. [noſes.
Dam. Aye, Pol, the hind, puts out of joint our
Mid. I've hear'd of that Pol's tricks,—of his ſly tampering
To fling poor Pan, but I'll ſoon ſend him ſcampering.
'Sblood, I'll commit him—drive him to the gallows!
Where is old Pan?
Dam. Tippling, Sir, at the ale-houſe.
Mid. Run, fetch him—we ſhall hit on ſome expedient
To rout this Pol.
Dam. I fly; [*Going, returns.*]—Sir, your obedient.
[*Exit.*
Mid. What boots my being 'ſquire,
Juſtice of peace and quorum;
Church-warden—knight o' th' ſhire,
And cuſtos rotulorum;

If ſaucy little Nyſa's heart rebellious,
My 'ſquireſhip ſlights, and hankers after fellows?

AIR.

Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my ſhoes,
Dare my amours to croſs?
Shall a peaſant minx, when Juſtice Midas woos,
Her noſe up at him toſs?
No: I'll kidnap—then poſſeſs her:
I'll ſell her Pol a ſlave, get mundungus in exchange;
So glut to the height of pleaſure
My love and my revenge.
No: I'll kidnap, &c. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Pan *is diſcovered ſitting at a table, with a tankard, pipes, and tobacco, before him; his bagpipes lying by him.*

AIR.

Jupiter wenches and drinks,
He rules the roaſt in the ſky;
Yet he is a fool if he thinks
That he is as happy as I:
Juno rates him,
And grates him,
And leads his highneſs a weary life;
I have my laſs
And my glaſs,
And ſtroll a batchelor's merry life.
Let him fluſter,
And bluſter,
Yet cringe to his harridon's ferbelow;
To my fair tulips
I glue lips
And clink the cannikin here below.

Enter Damætas.

Dam. There ſits the old ſoaker—his pate troubling little
How the world wags, ſo he gets drink and vittle—
Hoa, maſter Pan—Gad, you've trod a thiſtle!
You may pack up your all, Sir, and go whiſtle.
The whenches have turn'd tail—to yon buck-ranter:
Tickled by his guitar—they ſcorn your chanter.

AIR.

All around the maypole how they trot,
Hot,
Pot,
And good ale have got:
Routing,
Shouting,
At your flouting,
Fleering,
Jeering,
And what not.
There's old Sileno friſks like a mad
Lad,
Glad
To ſee us ſad;
Cap'ring,
Vap'ring;
While Pol ſcraping,
Coaxes
The laſſes
As he did the dad.

Enter Myſis.

Myſ. O Pan! the devil to pay--both my ſluts frantic,
Both in their tantrums, for yon cap'ring antic.
But I'll go ſeek them all—and if I find 'em,
I'll drive 'em—as if Old Nick were behind 'em. [*Going.*

Pan. Soa, ſoa—don't flounce:
Avaſt—diſguiſe your fury.
Pol we ſhall trounce;
Midas is judge and jury.

AIR.

Myſ. Sure I ſhall run with vexation diſtracted,
To ſee my purpoſes thus counteracted!
This way or that way, or which way ſoever,
All things run contrary to my endeavour.
Daughters projecting
Their ruin and ſhame;
Fathers neglecting
The care of their fame;
Nurſing in boſom a treacherous viper;
Here's a fine dance--but 'tis he pays the piper. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A wood and lawn near* Sileno's *farm, flocks grazing at a diſtance—a tender ſlow ſymphony.* Daphne *croſſes melancholic and ſilent*; Nyſa *watching her. Then* Daphne *returns running.*

Nyſ. O ho, is it ſo—Miſs Daphne in the dumps?
Mum—ſnug's the word—I'll lead her ſuch a dance
Shall make her ſtir her ſtumps.
To all her ſecret haunts,
Like her ſhadow I'll follow and watch her:
And, faith, mamma ſhall hear on't if I catch her.
[*Retires.*

Daph. La! how my heart goes pit-a-pat! what thumping,
E'er ſince my father brought us home this bumpkin!

A I R.

He's as tight a lad to ſee too,
As e'er ſtept in leather-ſhoe;
And, what's better, he'll love me too,
And to him I'll prove true blue.

Tho' my ſiſter caſts a hawk's eye,
I defy what ſhe can do;
He o'erlook'd the little doxy:
I'm the girl he means to woo.

Hither I ſtole out to meet him;
He'll no doubt my ſteps purſue:
If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;
If he's falſe, I'll fit him too.

Enter Pol.

Pol. Think o' the devil—'tis ſaid,
He's at your ſhoulder—
This wench was running in my head,
And, pop—behold her.

A I R.

Lovely nymph, aſſuage my anguiſh;
At your feet a tender ſwain
Prays you will not let him languiſh,
One kind look would eaſe his pain.

Did you know the lad who courts you,
He'd not long need ſue in vain;
Prince of ſong, of dance, of ſports—you
Scarce will meet his like again.

Daph. Sir, you're ſuch an oglio
Of perfection in folio,
No damſel can reſiſt you:
Your face ſo attractive,
Limbs ſo ſupple and active,
That by this light,
At the firſt ſight,
I could have run and kiſs'd you.

A I R.

If you can caper as well as you modulate,
With the addition of that pretty face,
Pan, who was held by the ſhepherds a god o' late,
Will be kick'd out, and you ſet in his place.

His beard ſo frowſy, his geſtures ſo aukward are,
And his bagpipe has ſo drowſy a drone,
That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,
You may count on all the girls as your own.

Myſ. [*from within.*] Pol, Pol, make haſte, come hither.
Pol. Death, what a time to call!
Oh, rot your old lugs of leather.
B'ye Daph.
Daph. B'ye Pol.

Enter Nyſa.

Nyſ. Marry come up, forſooth!
Is't me, you forward vixen,
You chooſe to play your tricks on?
And could your liquoriſh tooth
Find none but my ſweetheart to fix on?
Daph. Marry come up again,
Indeed, my dirty couſin!
Have you a right to ev'ry ſwain?
Nyſ. Ay, though a dozen.

A I R.

Daph. My minikin miſs, do you fancy that Pol
Can ever be caught by an infant's doll?
Nyſ. Can you, miſs Maypole, ſuppoſe he will fall
In love with the gianteſs of Guildhall?
Daph. Pigmy elf.
Nyſ. Coloſſus itſelf.
Both. You will lie 'till your're mouldy upon the ſhelf.

Daph. You ſtump o' th' gutter, you hop o' my thumb,
A huſband for you muſt from Lilliput come.
Nyſ. You ſtalking ſteeple, you gawky ſtag,
Your huſband muſt come from Brobdignag.
Daph. Sour grapes.
Nyſ. Lead apes.
Both. I'll humble your vanity, Mrs. Trapes.
Daph. Miſs, your aſſurance,
Nyſ. And, miſs, your high airs,
Daph. Is paſt all endurance,
Nyſ. Are at their laſt prayers.
Daph. No more of theſe freedoms, Miſs Nyſa, I beg.
Nyſ. Miſs Daphne's conceit muſt be lower'd a peg.
Daph. } Poor ſpite!
Nyſ. } Pride hurt!
Daph. } Liver white!
Nyſ. } Rare ſport! [bite.
Daph. } Do, ſhew your teeth, ſpitfire, do, but you can't
Nyſ. } This haughtineſs ſoon will be laid in the dirt.
Poor ſpite!
Pride hurt, &c.

ACT II. SCENE, *A Grove.*

Enter Nyſa, *followed by* Midas.

Mid. TURN, tygreſs, turn; nay, fly not—
I have thee at a why not.
How comes, little Niſy,
That heart, to me ſo icy,
Should be to Pol like tinder,
Burnt up t' a very cinder?
Nyſ. Sir, to my virtue ever ſteady,
Firm as a rock,
I ſcorn your ſhock;
But why this attack?
A miſs can you lack,
Who have a wife already?
Mid. Ay, there's the curſe--but ſhe is old and fickly;
And would my Nyſa grant the favour quickly,
Would ſhe yield now, I ſwear by the lord Harry,
The moment madam's coffin'd—her I'll marry.

AIR.

O what pleaſures will abound
When my wife is laid in ground!

Let earth cover her,
We'll dance over her,
When my wife is laid in ground.
O how happy ſhould I be,
Would little Nyſa pig with me!
How I'd mumble her,
Touze and tumble her,
Would little Nyſa pig with me!

Nyſ. Young birds alone are caught with chaff,
At your baſe ſcheme I laugh.

Mid. Yet take my vows—

Nyſ. I would not take your bond, Sir—

Mid. Half my eſtate—

Nyſ. No, nor the whole—my fond Sir.

AIR.

Ne'er will I be left i' the lurch;
Ceaſe your bribes and wheedling:
Till I'm made a bride i' the church,
I'll keep man from meddling.
What are riches
And ſoft ſpeeches?
Baits and fetches
To bewitch us:
When you've won us,
And undone us,
Cloy'd, you ſhun us,
Frowning on us.
For our heedleſs piddling. [*Exit.*

Enter Pan; *and* Pol, *liſtening.*

Mid. Well, maſter Pol I'll tickle;
For him, at leaſt, I have a rod in pickle:
When he's in limbo,
Not thus our hoity toity miſs
Will ſtick her arms a-kimbo.

Pan. So, 'ſquire, well met—I flew to know your buſineſs. [his knees.

Mid. Why, Pan, this Pol we muſt bring down on

Pan. That were a feat indeed—a feat to brag on.

Mid. Let's home—we'll there concert it o'er a flaggon.
I'll make him ſkip.

Pan. As St. George did the dragon.

AIR.

If into your hen-yard
The treacherous reynard
Steals ſlily, your poultry to ravage;
With gun you attack him,
With beagles you track him;
All's fair to deſtroy the fell ſavage.
So Pol, who comes picking
Up my tender chicken,
No means do I ſcruple to baniſh;
With pow'r I'll o'erbear him.
With fraud I'll enſnare him,
By hook or by crook he ſhall vaniſh. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Lawn before* Midas's *Houſe.*

Enter Nyſa.

Nyſ. Good lack! what is come o'er me?
Daphne has ſtepp'd before me!
Envy and love devour me.
Pol doats upon her phiz hard;
'Tis that that ſticks in my gizzard.
Midas appears now twenty times more hiedous,
Ah, Nyſa, what reſource!—a cloyſter.
Death alive—yet thither muſt I run,
And turn a nun
Prodigious!

AIR.

In theſe greaſy old tatters
His charms brighter ſhine;
Then his guitar he clatters
With tinkling divine;
But my ſiſter,
Ah, he kiſs'd her,
A me he paſſ'd by:
I'm jealous
Of the fellow's
Bad taſte and blind eye. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Midas's *Parlour.*

Midas, Myſis, *and* Pan, *in conſultation over a large bowl of punch, pipes and tobacco.*

Mid. Come, Pan, your toaſt—
Pan. Here goes our noble umpire;
Myſ. And Pol's defeat—I'll pledge it in a bumper.

Mid. Hang him, in every ſcheme that whelp has [croſs'd us:
Myſ. Sure he's the devil himſelf—
Pan. Or Doctor Fauſtus. [ſtickle,
Myſ. Ah, 'ſquire—for Pan would you but ſtoutly
This Pol would ſoon be in a wretched pickle.
Pan. You reaſon right—
Mid. His toby I ſhall tickle. [price is
Myſ. Look, ſquire, I've ſold my butter; here its
At your command, do but this job for Myſis.
Count 'em—ſix guineas and an old Jacobus,
Keep, Pan, and ſhame that ſcape-grace *coram nobis.*
Mid. Goody, as 'tis your requeſt,
I pocket this here ſtuff;
And as for that there peaſant,
Truſt me I'll work his buff.
At the muſical ſtruggle
I'll bully and juggle;
My award's
Your ſure card.
Blood, he ſhall fly his country—that's enough.
Pan. Well ſaid, my lad of wax.
Mid. Let's end the tankard;
I have no head for buſineſs till I've drunk hard.
Pan. Nor have my guts brains in them till they're [addle;
When I'm moſt rocky, I beſt fit my ſaddle.
Mid. Well, come, let's take one bouze, and roar a [catch,
Then part to our affairs—
Pan. A match!
Myſ. A match!

AIR.

Mid. Maſter Pol,
And his tol-de-rol-lol,
I'll buffet away from the plain, Sir;
Pan. And I'll aſſiſt
Your worſhip's fiſt
With all my might and main, Sir;
Myſ. And I'll have a thump,
Tho' he's ſo plump,
And make ſuch a woundy racket.
Mid. I'll bluff,
Pan. I'll rough,

Myſ. I'll huff,
Mid. I'll cuff;
Omnes And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.
Mid. For all his cheats,
And wenching feats,
He ſhall rue on his knees 'em;
Or ſkip, by goles,
As high as St. Paul's,
Like ugly witch on beſom;
Arraign'd he ſhall be,
Of treaſon to me!
Pan. And I with my davy will back it;
I'll ſwear,
Mid. I'll ſnare,
Myſ. I'll tear.
Omn. O rare!
And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

Enter Sileno *and* Damætas *in warm argument.*

Sil. My Daph; a wife for thee; the 'ſquire's baſe
To the plantations ſooner would I ſend her. [pander!
Dam. Sir, your good wife approv'd my offers.
Sil. Name her not, hag of Endor;
What knew ſhe of thee but thy coffers?
Dam. And ſhall this ditch-born whelp, this jacka-
By dint of congees and of ſcrapes— [napes,
Sil. Theſe are thy ſlanders, and that canker'd hag's.
Dam. A thing made up of pilferr'd rags—
Sil. Richer than thou with all thy brags
Of flocks, and herds, and money-bags.

AIR.

If a rival my character draw,
In perfection he'll find out a flaw;
With black he will paint,
Make a de'il of a ſaint,
And change to an owl a macaw.
Dam. Can a father pretend to be wiſe,
Who his friend's good advice will deſpiſe?
Who, when danger is nigh,
Throws his ſpectacles by,
And blinks through a green girl's eyes?
Sil. You're an impudent pimp and a grub.
Dam. You are fool'd by a beggarly ſcrub;

Your betters you ſnub.
Sil. Who will lend me a club,
This inſolent puppy to drub?
You're an impudent pimp and a grub,
Dam. You're cajol'd by a beggarly ſcrub,
Sil. Who will rot in a powdering tub,
Dam. Whom the prince of impoſtures I dub.
Sil. A guinea for a club.
Dam. Your bald pate you'll rub,
Sil. This muckworm to drub.
Dam. When you find that your cub
Sil. Rub off, ſirrah, rub, ſirrah, rub,
Dam. Is debauch'd by a whipt ſyllabub.

Enter Myſis, *attended by* Daphne *and* Nyſa.

Myſ. Soh—you attend the trial—we ſhall drive
Your vagabond— [hence
Sil. I ſmoke your foul contrivance.
Daph. Ah, Ny, our fate depends upon this iſſue—
Nyſ. Daph—for your ſake my claim I here forego;
And with your Pol much joy I wiſh you.
Daph. O gemini! ſay'ſt thou me ſo?
Dear creature, let me kiſs you. [us.
Nyſ. Let's kneel, and beg his ſtay; papa will back
Daph. Mamma will ſtorm.
Nyſ. What then? ſhe can but whack us.

A I R.

Daph. Mother, ſure you never
Will endeavour
To diſſever
From my favour
So ſweet a ſwain!
None ſo clever
E'er trod the plain.
Nyſ. Father, hopes you gave her;
Don't deceive her;
Can you leave her
Sunk for ever
In pining care?
Haſte and ſave her
From black deſpair.
Daph. Think of his modeſt grace,
His voice, ſhape, and face.

Nyſ. Hearts alarming,
Daph. Boſoms warming,
Nyſ. Wrath diſarming
Daph. With his ſoft lay:
Nyſ. He's ſo charming,
Ay, let him ſtay.
Both. He's ſo charming, &c.
Myſ. Sluts, are you loſt to ſhame?
Sil. Wife, wife, be more tame.
Myſ. This is madneſs
Sil. Sober ſadneſs!
Myſ. I with gladneſs
Could ſee him ſwing,
For his badneſs—
Sil. 'Tis no ſuch thing.
Dam. Muſt Pan reſign to this fop his employment?
Muſt I to him yield of Daph the enjoyment?
Myſ. Ne'er, while a tongue I brandiſh,
Fop outlandiſh
Daph ſhall blandiſh.
Dam. Will you reject my income,
Herds, and clinkum?
Sil. Rot and ſink 'em!
Dam. Midas muſt judge.
Myſ. And Pol muſt fly.
Sil. Zounds, Pol ſhan't budge:
Myſ. You lie;
Dam. You lie:
Myſ.
Dam. } You lie, you lie.
Sil.
Nyſ. Pan's drone is fit for wild rocks and bleak [mountains;
Daph. Pol's lyre ſuits beſt our cool grots and clear
Nyſ. Pol is young and merry; [fountains.
Daph. Light and airy,
Sil. As a fairy.
Nyſ. Pan is old and muſty;
Daph. Stiff and fuſty;
Sil. Sour and cruſty.
Daph. Can you baniſh Pol?
Nyſ. No, no, no, no.
Let Pan fall.

Daph. Ay, let him go.
Nyſ. }
Daph. } Ay, let him go.
Sil. }

Midas comes forth enraged, attended by a crowd of nymphs and ſwains.

Mid. Peace, ho! is hell broke looſe! what means this jawing?
Under my very noſe this clapper-clawing?

AIR.

What the devil's here to do,
Ye loggerheads and gypſies?
Sirrah you, and huſſy you,
And each of you tipſey is:
But I'll as ſure pull down your pride as
A gun, or as I'm juſtice Midas.

Chorus. O tremendous juſtice!
Who ſhall oppoſe wiſe juſtice Midas?

AIR.

Mid. I'm given t' underſtand, that you're all in a pother here,
Diſputing whether Pan or Pol ſhall play to you another year:
Dare you think your clumſy lugs ſo proper to decide
The delicate ears of juſtice Midas?

Chorus. O tremendous, &c.

Mid. Soh, you allow it then—ye mobbiſh rabble!

Enter Pol *and* Pan *ſeverally.*

Oh, here comes Pol and Pan—now ſtint your gabble.
Fetch my great chair—I'll quickly end this ſquabble.

AIR.

Now I'm ſeated,
I'll be treated
Like the Sophi on his throne;
In my preſence
Scoundrel peaſants
Shall not call their ſouls their own.
My beheſt is,
He who beſt is,
Shall be fix'd muſician chief;
Ne'er the loſer
Shall ſhew noſe here,
But be tranſported like a thief.

Chorus. O tremendous, &c.

Dam. Maſters, will you abide by this condition?
Pan. I aſk no better.
Pol. —I am all ſubmiſſion.
Pan. Strike up, ſweet Sir.
Pol. —Sir, I attend your leiſure.
Mid. Pan, take the lead
Pan. —Since 'tis your worſhip's pleaſure.

A I R.

A pox of your pother about this or that;
Your ſhreaking or ſqueaking a ſharp or a flat:
I'm ſharp by my bumpers; you're flat, maſter Pol;
So here goes a ſet to a tol-de-rol-lol.

When beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper
And after Miſs Will-o'-the-Wiſp the fools ſcamper
Ding-dong, in ſing-ſong they the lady extol:
Pray what's all this fuſs for, but—tol-de-rol-lol.

Mankind are a medley—a chance-medley race;
All ſtart in full cry, to give dame fortune chace:
There's catch as catch can, hit or miſs, luck is all;
And luck's the beſt tune of life's tol-de-rol-lol.

I've done, pleaſe your worſhip; 'tis rather too long;
I only meant life is but an old ſong:
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll;
Where all act the ſcene of tol-de-rol-lol.

Mid. By jingo, well perform'd for one of his age:
How, hang-dog, don't you bluſh to ſhew your viſage?
Pol. Why, maſter Midas, for that matter,
'Tis enough to daſh one
To hear the arbitrator,
In ſuch unſeemly faſhion,
One of the candidates beſpatter
With ſo much partial paſſion. [Midas *falls aſleep.*

A I R.

Ah, happy hours, how fleeting
Ye danc'd on down away;
When, my ſoft vows repeating,
At Daphne's feet I lay!
But from her charms when ſunder'd,
(As Midas' frowns preſage)
Each hour will ſeem an hundred,
Each day appear an age.

Mid. Silence, this juſt decree—all, at your peril,
Obedient hear—elſe I ſhall uſe you very ill.
The Decree. Pan ſhall remain;
Pol quit the plain.
Chorus. O tremendous, &c.
Mid. All bow with me to mighty Pan—enthrone him—
No pouting—and with feſtal chorus crown him.
[*The crowd form two ranks beſide the chair, and join in the chorus, whilſt* Midas *crowns him with bays.*]

CHORUS.

See, triumphant ſits the bard,
Crown'd with bays, his due reward:
Exil'd Pol ſhall wander far;
Exil'd, twang his faint guitar;
While, with echoing ſhouts of praiſe,
We the bagpipe's glory raiſe.

Mid. 'Tis well.—What keeps you here, you ragamuffin?
Go trudge—or do you wait for a good cuffing?
Pol. Now, all attend. The wrath of Jove, for rapine,
Corruption, luſt, pride, fraud, there's no eſcaping.
[*Throws off his diſguiſe, and appears as* Apollo.
Tremble, thou wretch! thou'ſt ſtretch'd thy utmoſt tether;
Thou and thy tools ſhall go to pot together

AIR.

Dunce, I did but ſham,
For Apollo I am,
God of muſic, and king of Parnaſs:
Thy ſcurvy decree,
For Pan againſt me,
I reward with the ears of an aſs.
Mid. Detected, baulk'd, and ſmall,
On our marrow-bones we fall.
Myſ. Be merciful.
Dam. Be pitiful.
Mid. Forgive us, mighty Sol—Alas, alas!

AIR.

Apol. Thou a Billingſgate quean, [*To* Myſ.
Thou a pander obſcene, [*To* Dam.
With ſtrumpets and bailiffs ſhall claſs;
Thou, driven from man, [*To* Mid.
Shall wander with Pan,
He a ſtinking old goat, thou an aſs, an aſs, &c.

Be thou 'ſquire—his eſtate. [*To* Sil.
To thee I tranſlate.

To you his ſtrong cheſts, wicked maſs: { *To* Daph. *and* Nyſa,

Live happy, while I,
Recall'd to the ſky,
Make all the gods laugh at Midas.

Daph. } *Together with the other nymphs and ſwains.* { To the bright god of day,
Sil. } { Let us dance, ſing, and play;
Nyſ. } { Clap hands every lad with his laſs:

Daph. Now, critics, lie ſnug,
Not a hiſs, groan, or ſhrug;
Remember the fate of Midas,
Midas;
Remember the fate of Midas.

CHORUS.

Now, critics, lie ſnug, &c.

FINIS.